

SUNDAY, JANUARY 9, 1916.

## Hardy Russians Broken Under German Prison Yoke

1 Sufferings of the Campaign Are Mild Compared with  
Starvation, Disease and Harshness They Must  
Endure in Teutons' Concentration Camps.

By ARTHUR S. DRAPER.

London, Dec. 23.—After the dull routine of the peasant farmer's life in the field, it was with excitement and enthusiasm that the farmer's wife

These two young Russians went right into Brussels, still wearing their uniforms, but they went out in another garb after spending a week in that city. They found help and

Long marches over muddy roads, short advances and long retreats, hard

work and scarcity of food—all these things they took cheerfully and with never a murmur. Now they were fighters, full-grown men, independent, self-reliant and ready for any emergency. Came a day just as the sun was sinking to the west of that long battle line

stretching from the Baltic far down into the Carpathians, when they found themselves pinched off by a perfect hell of shell fire to the rear and a storm of bullets to face.

It was in this critical situation they never forgot for a moment their orders to preserve their ammunition as they valued their lives. Slowly and

carefully they fired, never wasting a bullet. But, despite their feeble reply, the storm raged about them with increasing fury. Suddenly the fire in front ceased, and almost simultaneously they learned their own supply of cartridges was exhausted.

**Germans Sweep On.**

Out of the opposite trenches and across the shell-tornured field swept a

wave of German soldiers. They came in dozens, scores and hundreds. Out of their own trenches jumped Ivan and Peter and their fellows, ready to meet this onrushing horde with their only weapons—bayonet and butt of rifle. It was an unequal fight. Colossal courage and brute strength could not stall

long against the superior arms. Ivan backed out here and there; Peter wildly swung the butt of his rifle against human flesh and bone, shattering everything which came in its way. The telling took longer than the acting of this tragedy.

Playmates and campmates, they soon

found themselves prison-mates. Back beyond the firing line they were marched in company with nearly a hundred of their fellows, a tired, war-stained, hungry and bewildered lot of fighting men. Into two boxcars these

men were packed. Some without coats or shoes, wounded, nearly all without coats or hats, and all without blankets. The long journey through a country where even the signs on the roads were strange and unintelligible. Always westward, the train crawled on, stopping at every siding to allow another to dash by. Bread and water,

no meat, but now and then a few dried fish were passed in to them, as at feeding time the food is shoveled into the animals' cages at the zoo.

**New Country Dawns.**

Finally the train stopped and they were ordered out. Five days had passed since they crowded into these

col, filthy cars. Now they crawled out. Everything was strange. It was a new country to them. They halted before a long, low wooden barracks, finding it to be their new home. The building was a high, bare wire fence here, most of the new men for the first time were wearing British, French and Belgian uniforms. It was a crude

living place, bare, desolate and far from sanitary. But Ivan and Peter had never seen anything like this before. The comforts of life which we take for granted. They made no complaints. They slept on either side of the stove, beneath their coats. They had almost three-quarters of a pound of black bread and a pint and a half of beer each every day. Dinner consisted of the same amount in France and England. How many reports have you seen of German prisoners in Germany? In Germany it is safe to say there are more Russian prisoners in Germany than all the German prisoners in Russia. I observed saw at Osnabrück, in Germany:

"I have seen the Russian prisoners taken to the spot where we left our rotten coats and hats, and they have thrown away it up with their hands, while the

of a weak vegetable soup. In the evening soup was served again. The next day (Sunday) the doctor came. "Once a week as a special treat they got a rasher and a few potatoes, but they had no means of cooking in very hot seasons. Meat was served, but they became ill after eating it, as it had been treated with potassium permanganate to keep it from spoiling."

They stood it all for there was nothing to do.

ing else to do, they started out victims of typhus and other diseases and they themselves became weak and emaciated by the time they were released. They got only half the amount of food given to the French and Belgians. The German guards, most of them non-communists, were very harsh. But life did not become unendurable until they found that the other

prisoners received packages and parcels of food and clothing, and even books and games. Then they came to think they had been forgiven and that their work was over.

**Fled—and Arrested.**

Which one thought of it first I do not know, but Ivan is a natural leader. How they got out of the camp I do not know, but they did escape.

[illegible]

As German spies. It was no easy task to explain, but once they had their journey became easier.

Another day they saw a lone farmhouse and crept up to it at dusk. In the kitchen was an old woman, who had good reason to mistake them for robbers. By sign and gesture they re-

object and desire to help those ill-fated victims of the world's greatest war, they can be assured that their contribution will be gratefully received, acknowledged and put to the best object by Countess Benckendorf, president of the German Prisoners of War Relief Committee, Charing House, London, S. W.